10 Votivū Carolo. A welcome to K. Ch. 2 frō the master & scholars of Wood-stock schoole.

11 Essay of a loyal Brest in 4 copies of verses, viz. 1. To his maj. K. Ch. 2 &c

12 congratulation to his maj. K. Ch. 2 upon his happy restoration. —

13 The coronation poem by R. Whitehall.

14 An hymenaean Essay, on ye match between his maj. K. Ch. 2 & Kathesina the Infanta of Portugall.

Memorandum yt I have a larg fol. endorsed Epitaphs, Elegies. The first of which is entituled Threnodia Henricianarum Exequiarum &c and the last An elegy on his Excellency Lieu. gen. Tho. Tolmach. But these, in number, 51. or more being in fol. paps, could not be found with the former, wch are in qu.

THE FVNERALS OF THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE *HENRY*,

Prince of *Wales*, Duke of *Cornewaile* and *Rothsay*, Count Palatine of *Chester*, Earle of *Carick*, and late KNIGHT of the most Noble Order of the GARTER.

Which Noble *Prince* deceased at S. *James*, the sixt day of *Nouember*, 1612. and was most Princely interred the seuenth day of *December* following, within the Abbey of *Westminster*, in the Eighteenth yeere of his AGE.

[redacted]

LONDON:
Printed by *T. S.* for *John Budge*, and are to be sould at his shop at the great south dore of *Paulls*, and at Brittanes Bursse. 1613.

THE FVNERALS OF THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE *HENRY*,

Prince of *VVales*, Duke of *Cornewaile* and *Rothſay*, Count Palatine of *Cheſter*, Earle of Carick, and late Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the GARTER.

VVhich Noble Prince deceaſed at Saint IAMES, the 6. day of *Nouember*, 1612. and was moſt Princely interred the 7. of *December* following, within the Abbey of *Weſtminſter*, in the Eighteenth yeere of his AGE.

THE body of the ſaid PRINCE being bowelled, enbalmed and cloſed vp in Lead, there were foure Chambers hung with blackes, *viz.* the Gaurd chamber and the Preſence with blacke Cloth, the Priuy Chamber with finer Cloth,

and that which was his *Highnes* Bed-chamber, with blacke Veluet: in the middeſt whereof was ſet vp a Canopy of blacke Veluet, valanced, and fringed; vnder which vpon Treſſels the Coffin with the body of the PRINCE was placed, couered with a large pall of blacke Veluet, and adorned with Scuchions of his *Armes*. Vpon the head of which Coffin was layde a Cuſhion of blacke Veluet, and his *Highneſſe* Cap and Coronet ſet thereon, as alſo his Robes of eſtate, Sword and Rod of Gould; and ſo it remayned (being daily and nightly watched) vntill two or three dayes before his *Highneſſe* Funerals. In which time euery day, both Morning and Euening Prayers were ſaid in his Preſence or Priuy Chamber, by his Chaplaines, and his Gentlemen and chiefe Officers attendant thereat.

Thurſday before the Funeralls his Princely body was brought forth of his Bed-chamber into his priuie chamber.

Friday, it was brought into his Preſence-chamber and ſet vnder his cloath of eſtate.

Satterday, the fift of *December*, about three of the clocke in the after-noone it was remoued into the Guard-chamber, where all his chiefe ſeruants and Officers being aſſembled, and the Officers of Armes in their Coates, the corps was ſolempnly carried into the Chappell of that houſe, and placed vnder a canopy in the middeſt of the Quire, the Biſhop of Lich-field red the Seruice, and the Gentlemen of the Kings Chappell, with

the

the children thereof, ſung diuers excellent Antheams, together with the Organs, and other winde inſtruments, which likewiſe was performed the day following, being Sunday.

Munday, the 7. of *December*, (the Funerall day) the repreſentation was layd vpon the Corps, and both together put into an open Chariot, and ſo proceeded as followeth:

Poormen, in gownes, to the number of 140.

About 300.
- Gentlemens ſeruants.
- Eſquires ſeruants.
- Knights ſeruants.
- Baronets ſeruants.
- Barons ſonnes ſeruants.
- Viſcount ſonnes ſeruants.
- Earles ſonnes ſeruants.

Two *Drummes* and a *Fife*, their Drummes couered with blacke cloth, and Scuchions of the Prince his Armes therevpon.

Porteſmouth, Purſuiuant of Armes.

The great Standard of Prince HENRY, being a *Lyon* crowned, ſtanding on a *Chappeau*, borne by Sir *Iohn Win*, KNIGHT and Baronet, the Motto therein, *Fax mentis honeſtæ gloria.*

About

About 306. Prince HENRY his Houſhold Seruants, according to their ſeuerall Offices and Degrees: with Tradeſmen and Artificers that belonged vnto his Highneſſe.

Trumpets.

The Coronet of the Prince, being the three Feathers in a Crownet, with his Motto; *Iuuat ire per altum*; borne by Sir *Roger Dalliſon*, Knight and Baronet.

About 360. Barons ſeruants,
Viſcounts ſeruants,
Earles ſeruants: as well Engliſh as Strangers.
The Duke of *Lenox* his ſeruants.
The Lord Chauncellors ſeruants.
Count *Henry de Naſſau* his ſeruants.

Trumpets.

A Banner of th'Earledome of *Carick*, borne by Sir *Dauid Fowles*.

A Horſe led by a Quirry of the Stable; the Horſe was couered with blacke cloath, and armed with Scuchions of that Earledome, hauing his Cheiffron and Plumes.

About

About 80. { Archbishops seruants.
Prince *Palatine* his seruants.
Prince *Charles* his seruants.

Blew-mantle Pursuiuant of Armes.

A Banner of the Earledome of *Chester*, borne by the Lord *Howard* of *Effingham*.

A Horse led by a Quirry of the Sable, couered with blacke cloath, and armed with Scutchions of that Earledome, his Cheffron and Plumes.

About 40. { Faulconers and Huntsmen.
Clearkes of the workes.
Clearkes of the Poultry.
Clearkes of the Aviary.
Clearkes of the Larder.
Clearkes of the Spicary.
Clearkes of the Kitchin.
Clearkes of the Cellary.
Clearkes of the Sable.
Clearkes of the Awry.
Clearkes of the Wardrobe.
Mr. of the Workes.
Pay Mr.
And Clearke Comptroller.

About

About 60.
- Seriants of the Vestry.
- Children of the Chappell.
- Gentlemen of the Chappell in rich Copes.
- Musitians.
- Apothecaries and Surgions.

6. Doctors of Physicke.

24. The Princes Chapleyns.

Portcullis Pursuyuant of Armes.

A Banner of the Dukedome of *Rothsay*, borne by the Lord *Bruft*, Baron of *Kinlosse*.

A Horse led by a Quirry of the Stable, couered with blacke cloath, armed with Scuchions of that Dukedome, his Cheiffron and Plumes.

About 80.
- Pages of the Chamber.
- Gentlemen, the Princes seruants extraordinary.
- The Princes Solicitor, and Counsell at Law.
- Groome Porter.
- Gentlemen Vshers, quarter Waiters.
- Groomes of the Priuy-Chamber extraordinary.
- Groomes of the Priuy-Chamber in ordinary.
- Groomes of the Bed-chamber.
- Pages of the Bed-chamber, and the Princes owne Page.

Rouge

Rouge-Dragon Purſuyuant.

A Banner of the Dukedome of Cornewall, borne by the Lord *Clifford*.

A Horſe led by Mr. *Henry Alexander*, couered with blacke cloath, armed with Scuchions of that Dukedome, his Cheiffron and Plumes.

- Count *Henrickes* Gentlemen.
- Count *Palatines* Gentlemen, *viz.*
  - Mounſieur *Eltz*.
  - Mounſ. *Helmſtadt*.
  - Mounſ. *Colbe*.
  - Mounſ. *Beneſer*.
  - Mounſ. *Adolſhein*.
  - Mounſ. *Nenzkin*.
  - Mounſ. *Walbron*.
  - Mounſ. *Waldgraue*.
  - Mounſ. *Factes*.
  - Mounſ. *Carden*.
  - Mounſ. *Berlinger*.
  - Mounſ. *Grorode*.
  - Mounſ. *Cawlt*.
  - Mounſ. *Stenſels*.
  - Mounſ. *Ridzell*.
  - Mounſ. *Helinger*.
  - Mounſ. *Henbell*.
  - Mounſ. *Auckenſten*.

About 146. *viz.*

Mounſ. *Gellu.*
Mounſ. *Wellyne.*
Mounſ. *Pellinger.*
Mounſ. *Berlipps.*
Mounſ. *Shott.*
Mounſ. *Weldenſten.*
Mounſ. *Croileſemere.*
Mounſ. *Leuinſten.*
Mounſ. *Dathenes.*
Mounſ. *Colbe.*

Sculteter.
Mounſ. *Rampf.*
Mounſ. *Dawnſier.*
Mounſ. *Maier.*
Mounſ. *Wanebach.*

Prince *Charles* his Gentlemen.
Gentlemen of Prince *Henries* Priuy-Chamber extraordinary.
Knights and Gentlemen of his Highneſſe Priuy-Chamber in ordinary, and of his Bed-Chamber, with Sewers, Caruers, and Cupbearers.
The Prince his Secretary.
The Prince his Threſorer of his Houſhold. The Threſorer of his Reuenewes, and the Comptroller of his Houſhould together, bearing their white ſtaues.

Roug-

Rong-croix Purſuyuant of Armes.

A Banner of the Princes Principalitie of Scotland, with a Labell, borne by the Viſcount *Fenton*.

A Horſe led by Sir *Sigiſmond Alexander*, couered with blacke cloath, armed with Scuchions of that Kingdome, his Cheiffron and Plumes.

Baronets.

Barons yonger ſonnes.

Sir *Edward Phillips*, Mr. of the Roles, being the Prince his Chaunceller, going alone.

Knights Priuy Councellors to the KING: *viz.*

Sir *Iohn Herbart*, Secretary.

Sir *Iulius Ceſar* Chaunceller of the Exchequer.

Sir *Thomas Parry*, Chaunceller of the Duchie of *Lancaſter*.

Barons eldeſt ſonnes.

Three Trumpets.

Lancaſter Heraulde.

A Banner of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, quartered with *Wales*, borne by the Viſcount *Liſle*.

A Horſe led by Sir *William VVebb*, Knight, couered with blacke cloath, his Cheiffron and Plumes.

Earles yonger ſonnes.
Viſcounts eldeſt ſonnes.

Barons of Scotland.

Barons of England:
viz.

Lord *Kneuit.*	—— Lord *Candiſh.*
Lord *Arundell* of *VVardor.*	—— Lord *Carewe.*
Lord *Stanhop.*	—— Lord *Denny.*
Lord *Spencer.*	—— Lord *Garrard.*
Lord *Danvers.*	—— Lord *Harington.*
Lord *Peters.*	—— Lord *Ruſſell.*
Lord *VVotton.*	—— Lord *Knowles.*
Lord *Norris.*	—— Lord *Compton.*
Lord *Hunſden.*	—— Lord *Chandos.*
Lord *Northe.*	—— Lord *Darcy* of *Chich.*
Lord *Sheffeild.*	—— Lord *Rich.*
Lord *VVharton.*	—— Lord *Evers.*
Lord *VVentworth.*	—— Lord *VVindeſor.*
Lord *Mounteagle.*	—— Lord *Dudley.*
Lord *Stafford.*	—— Lord *Dacres.*
Lord *Morley.*	—— Lord *Laware.*

Biſhops 5.

Biſhops 5. The Biſhop of *Rocheſter*.
The Biſhop of *Couentry* and *Lichfield*.
The Biſhop of *Ely*.
The Biſhop of *Oxford*.
The Biſhop of *London*.

The Earle of *Exceſter*.

The Prince his Chamberlayne, Sir *Thomas Chaloner*, alone, bearing his white ſtaffe.

The Lord *Chancellor*, and Count *Henricke*.

The Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*: Preacher.

The great Embrodered Banner of the *Vnion*, borne by the Earles of *Montgomery* and *Argyle*.

A Horſe led, called *Le Cheual de deul*, couered with blacke Veluet, and ledde by a chiefe Quirry. *Monſieur Sant Antoin*.

The Prince his Hachments of HONOVR, caried by Officers of Armes, *viz.*
The Spurres, by *Windſor*.
The Gauntlets, by *Somerſet*.
The Helme and Creſt, by *Richmond*.
The Targe, by *Yorke*.
The Sword, by *Norroy*, King of Armes.

The

The Coat, by *Clarencieux*, King of Armes.

Three Gentlemen Vshers to the Prince, bearing their wands.

The Corps of the Prince, lying in an open Chariot, with the Princes representation thereon, inuested with his Robes of estate of Purple Veluet, furred with Ermines, his *Highnesse* Cap and Coronet on his head, and his Rod of Gould in his hand, and at his feet, within the said Chariot, sat Sir *Dauid Murrey*, the Master of his Wardrobe.

The Chariot was couered with blacke Veluet, set with Plumes of blacke feathers, and drawne by sixe Horses couered, and Armed with Scuchions, hauing their Cheiffrons and Plumes.

A Canopy of blacke Veluet borne ouer the representation by sixe Baronets.

Tenne Bannerols, borne about the body by ten Baronets.

Sir *Meyle Finch.*	Sir *Anthony Cope.*
Sir *Thomas Mounson.*	Sir *George Gresley.*
Sir *Iohn Wentworth.*	Sir *Robert Cotten.*
Sir *Henry Sauile.*	Sir *Lewis Tresham.*
Sir *Thomas Brewdnell.*	Sir *Phillip Tirwit.*

Foure

Foure Aſſiſtants to the Corps, that bore vp the corners of the Pall. *viz.*

1 The Lord *Zouch.*
2 The Lord *Abergauenny.*
3 The Lord *Burghley.*
4 The Lord *Walden.*

William Seger, *Garter*, Principall King of Armes, betweene the Gentleman-Vſher of Prince *Charles*, and the Gentleman-Vſher of the Prince *Palatine.*

Prince CHARLES chiefe *Mourner*, ſupported by the Lord Priuy-Seale, and the Duke of *Lenox.*

His *Highneſſe* Traine was borne by the Lord *Dawbney*, Brother to the Duke of *Lenox.*

Then followed the *Prince Elector*, FREDERICK, Count *Palatine* of the *Rhein.*

His *Highneſſe* Traine was borne by *Monſieur Shamburgh.*

Twelue Earles Aſſiſtants to the chiefe *Mourner*, *viz.*

Earle of *Nottingham.*	Earle of *Suffolke.*
Earle of *Shrewſbury.*	Earle of *Worceſter.*
Earle of *Rutland.*	Earle of *Suſſex.*
Earle of *Southampton.*	Earle of *Pembroke.*
Earle of *Hartford.*	Earle of *Eſſex.*
Earle of *Dorſet.*	Earle of *Salisburie.*

Earles ſtrangers, attendants on Count *Palatine*,
Count *Wigenſten.*
Count *Lewis de Naſſau.*
Count *Leuingſten.*
Count *Hodenlo.*
Count *Ringraue.*
Count *Erbach.*
Count *Naſſaw. Scarburg.*
Count *Le Hanow*, Iunior.
Count *Iſinberſh.*
Count *Solmes.* } Pages.
Count *Zerottin.*

The Horſe of Eſtate, led by Sir *Robert Dowglas*, Maiſter of the Princes Horſe.

The *Palzgreaues* Priuy-Counſellors, *viz.*
The Count of *Solmes.*
Mounſieur *Shouburgh.*
Mounſieur *de Pleſhau.*
Mounſieur *Helmehedt.*
Mounſ. *Shouburgh*, Iunior.
Mounſ. *Landſhat.*

Officers and Groomes of Prince *Henries* ſtable.
The Guard.

The Knight *Marſhall*, and twenty ſeruants that kept order in the proceeding.

Diuers Knights and Gentlemen, the Kings ſeruants that came in voluntary in blacks. So that the whole number amounted to 2000. or thereabout.

FINIS.

AN EPICEDE

OR

Funerall Song:

On the most disastrous Death, of the High-borne *Prince* of Men, *HENRY* Prince of WALES, &c.

With

The Funeralls, and Representation of the Herse of the same High and mighty Prince; Prince of *Wales*, Duke of *Cornewaile* and *Rothsay*, Count Palatine of *Chester*, Earle of *Carick*, and late Knight of the most Noble Order of the GARTER.

Which Noble *Prince* deceased at S. *James*, the sixt day of *November*, 1612. and was most Princely interred the seventh day of *December* following, within the Abbey of *Westminster*, in the Eighteenth yeere of his Age.

LONDON:
Printed by *T. S.* for *John Budge*, and are to be sould at his shop at the great south dore of *Paules*, and at Britaines Burse. 1613.

TO MY AFFECTIONATE, AND TRVE Friend, Mr. *Henry Jones*.

My trueſt Friend:

THE moſt vnualuable and diſmaifull hope of my moſt deare and Heroicall Patrone, Prince HENRY, *hath ſo ſtricken all my ſpirits to the earth, that I will neuer more dare, to looke vp to any greatneſſes; but reſoluing the little reſt of my poore life to obſcuritie, and the ſhadow of his death; prepare euer hereafter, for the light of heauen.*

So abſolute, conſtant, and noble, your loue hath beene to mee; that if I ſhould not as effectually, by all my beſt expreſſions, acknowledge it; I could neither ſatisfie mine owne affection, nor deſerue yours.

Accept therefore, as freely as I acknowledge, this vnprofitable ſigne of my loue; till God bleſſing my future labours, I may adde a full end, to whatſoeuer is begunne in your aſſurance of my requitall. A little, bleſt, makes a great feaſt (my beſt friend) and therefore deſpaire not, but that, out of that little, our loues alwayes made euen, may make you ſay, you

liue rather beene happy in your kindnesse, then in the least degree, hurt. There may fauours passe betwixt poore friends, which euen the richest, and greatest may enuy. And God *that yet neuer let me line, I know will neuer let me die an empaire to any friend. If any good, more then requitall succeede, it is all yours as freely, as euer yours was mine; in which noble freedome and alacritie of daing; you haue thrice done, all I acknowledge. And thus knowing, I giue you little contentment, in this so farre vnexpected publication of my gratitude; I rest satisfied with the ingenuous discharge of mine owne office. Your extraordinary and noble loue and sorrow, borne to our most sweet* Prince, *entitles you worthily to this Dedication: which (with my generall Loue, vnfainedly protested to your whole Name and Family) I conclude you as desertfull of, as my hands, as our Noblest Earles; and so euer remaine*

Your most true poore Friend,

Geo: Chapman.

AN EPICED.

OR

Funerall Song:

On the moſt diſaſtrous Death, of the High-borne *Prince* of Men, *HENRY* Prince of WALES, &c.

IF euer aduerſe Influence enui'd
The glory of our Lands, or tooke a pride
To trample on our height; or in the Eye
Strooke all the pomp of Principalitie,
Now it hath done ſo; Oh, if euer Heauen
Made with the earth his angry reckening euen,
Now it hath done ſo. Euer, euer be
Admir'd, and fear'd, that Triple Maieſtie
VVhoſe finger could ſo eaſily ſticke a Fate,
Twixt leaſt Felicity, and greateſt ſtate;

Such, as ſhould melt our ſhore into a Sea,
And dry our Ocean with Calamitie.
Heauen open'd, and but ſhow'd him to our eies,
Then ſhut againe, and ſhow'd our Miſeries.
Expoſtulatio & perturbatio. O God, to what end are thy Graces giuen?
Onely to ſhow the world, Men fit for Heauen,
Then rauiſh them, as if too good for Earth?
VVe know, the moſt exempt in wealth, power,
Or any other bleſſing; ſhould employ (Birth,
(As to their chiefe end) all things they enioy,
To make them fit for Heauen; and not purſue
VVith hearty appetite, the damned crue
Of meerely ſenſuall and earthye pleaſures?
But whē one hath done ſo; ſhal ſtrait the treſures
Digg'd to, in thoſe deeps, be conſum'd by death?
Shall not the reſt, that error ſwalloweth,
Be, by the Patterne of that Maſter-peece,
Help't to inſtruct their erring faculties?
VVhen, without cleare example; euen the beſt
(That cannot put by knowledge to the Teſt
what they are taught, ſenſe like the worſt in field?
Is power to force, who will not freely yield,
(Being great aſſiſtant, to diuine example)
As vaine a Pillar to thy Manly Temple?

VVhen

when(without perfect knowledge,which ſcarce
Of many kingdoms reach)no other ſtone (one
Man hath to build one corner of thy Phane,
Saue one of theſe? But when the deſperate wane
Of power, and of example to all good,
So ſpent is, that one cannot turne the flood,
Of goodnes,gainſt her ebbe;but both muſt plie,
And beat full to; or her ſtreame will drie;
VVhere ſhall they meete againe,now he is gone
Where both went foot by foot;& both were one?

Potentia expers ſapientiæ quo maior eſt, eo perniciosior: ſapientia procul à potentia manca videtur. Plin

One that in hope,tooke vp to topleſſe height
All his great Anceſtors; his one ſaile, freight
VVith all,all Princes treaſures; he like one
Of no importance;no way built vpon,
Vaniſht vvithout the end, for vvhich he had
Such matchleſſe vertues,& was God-like made?
Haue thy beſt vvorkes no better cauſe t'expreſſe
Themſelues like men, and thy true Images?
To toile in vertues ſtudy, to ſuſtaine
(vvith comfort for her)want,& ſhame,& paine;
No nobler end in this life,then a death (breath?
Timeles,and wretched,wrought with leſſe then
And nothing ſolide,worthy of our ſoules?
Nothing that Reaſon, more then Senſe extols!

Nothing that may in perfect iudgement be
A fit foote for our Crowne eternitie?
All which, thou ſeem'ſt to tell vs, in this one
Killing diſcomfort; apt to make our mone
Conclude gainſt all things, ſerious and good;
our ſelues, not thy forms, but Chymæras brood.
Now Princes, dare ye boaſt your vig'rous ſtates
That Fortunes breath thus builds and ruinates?
Exalt your ſpirits? truſt in flowry youth?
Giue reynes to pleaſure? all your humors ſooth?
Licence in rapine? Powers exempt from lawes?
Contempt of all things, but your own applauſe?
And think your ſwindge to any tyranny giuen,
VVill ſtretch as broad, & laſt as long as heauen;
whē he that curb'd with vertues hand his powre
his youth with continence; his ſweet with ſowre
Boldnes with pious feare; his pallats height
Applied to health, and not to appetite;
Felt timeles ſicknes charge; ſtate, power to flie,
And glutted Death with all his crueltie.
Partiall deuourer euer of the beſt,
VVith headlong rapture, ſparing long the reſt
Could not the precious teares his Father ſhed,
(That are with Kingdomes to be ranſomed?)

Chymæra, a monſter, hauing his head and breſt like a Lyon; his belly like a Goat; and taile like a Dragon.

To Death.

His

His Bleeding prayer, vpon his knees t'implore, The Prayer of the King in the Princes ſickneſſe.
That if for any ſinne of his, Heauen tore
From his moſt Royall body that chiefe Limme,
It might be ranſom'd, for the reſt of Him?
Could not the ſacred eies thou didſt prophane
In his great Mothers teares? The ſpightful bane
Thou pour'dſt vpon the cheeks of al the Graces
In his more gracious Siſters? The defaces
(with all the Furies ouer-flowing Galles)
Curſedly fronting her neere Nuptials?
Could not, O could not, the Almighty ruth
Of all theſe force thee to forbeare the youth
Of our Incomparable Prince of Men?
whoſe Age had made thy Iron Forcke his Pen,
T'eterniſe what it now doth murder meerely;
And ſhal haue from my ſoule, my curſes yerely.
Tyrant, what knew'ſt thou, but the barbarous wound
Thou gau'ſt the ſon, the Father might cõfound?
Both liu'd ſo mixtly, and were ioyntly One,
Spirit to ſpirit cleft. The Humor bred
In one heart, ſtraight was with the other fed;
The bloud of one, the others heart did fire;
The heart and humour, were the Sonne & Sire;

The heart yet, void of humors ſlender'ſt part,
May eaſier liue, then humour without heart;
The Riuer needes the helpfull fountaine euer,
More then the Fountaine, the ſupplyed Riuer.
Simil. As th'Iron then, when it hath once put on
The Magnets qualitie, to the vertuous Stone
Is euer drawne, and not the ſtone to it:
Apodoſis. So may the heauens, the ſonnes Fate, not admit
To draw the Fathers, till a hundred yeeres
Haue drown'd that Iſſue to him in our teares.
Reditio ad Principem. Bleſt yet, and ſacred ſhall thy memory be,
O-nothing-leſſe-then-mortall Deitie.
Thy Graces, like the Sunne, to all men giuing;
Fatall to thee in death, but kill me liuing.
Now, as inuerted, like th'*Antipodes*,
The world (in all things of deſert to pleaſe)
Is falne on vs, with thee: thy ruines lye
On our burſt boſomes, as it from the skye
The *Day-ſtar*, greater then the world were driuen
Suncke to the Earth, and left a hole in Heauen;
throgh which, a ſecõd deluge now poures down
On our poore Earth; in which are ouer-flowne
The ſeeds of all the ſacred Vertues, ſet (met
In his Spring-Court; where all the prime ſpirits

Of

Of all our Kingdomes; as if from the death,
That in men liuing; batenes and rapine ſheath,
VVhere they before liu'd, they vnwares were
Into a free, and freſh *Eliſium*; (come
Caſting regenerate, and refined eyes (vice,
On him that rais'd them from their graues of
Digg'd in their old grounds, to ſpring freſh on
That his diuine Ideas did propoſe, (thoſe
Firſt to himſelfe; & then would forme in them.
VVho did not thirſt to plant his ſonne neer him
as neer the *Thames* their houſes? what one worth
VVas there in all our world, that ſet not forth
All his deſerts, to Pilgrime to his fauors,
VVith all deuotion, offering all his labors?
And how the wilde Bore, Barbariſme, now
will roote theſe Quick-ſets vp? what hearb ſhall
that is not ſown in his inhumane tracts? (grow,
No thought of good ſhall ſpring, but many acts
Will crop, or blaſt, or blow it vp: and ſee
How left to this, the mournfull Familie,
Muffled in black clouds, full of teares are driuen
With ſtormes about the relickes of this Heauen;
Retiring from the world, like Corſes, herſt
Home to their graues, a hundred waies diſperſt.

Thoſe that came to the Princes ſeruice ſeem'd (compared with the places they liu'd in before) to riſe from death to the fields of life, in tending the beſt part of yong and noble Gentlemen.

The parting of the Princes Seruants.

O

The Princes house an Olimpus, where all contention of vertues were practised.

O that this court-schoole; this *Olimpus* meerly,
VVhere two-fold Man was practisde; should so
Dissolue the celebration purpos'd there, (early
Of all *Heroique* parts, when farre and neere,
All were resolu'd t'admire, None to contend,
VVhen, in the place of all, one wretched end
VVill take vp all endeauours; Harpye Gaine,
Pandare to Gote, Ambition; goulden Chaine
To true mans freedome; not from heau'n let fal
To draw men vp; But shot from Hell to hale
All men, as bondslaues, to his Turckish den,
For Toades, and Adders, far more fit then men.

Non Homeri Aurea Rostra

Saint *James* his house.

His house had well his surname from a *Saint*,
All things so sacred, did so liuely paint
Their pious figures in it: And as well

Richmond.

His other house, did in his Name fore-tell
what it should harbour; a rich world of parts
Bonfire-like kindling, the still-feasted Arts,
which now on bridles bite, and puft Contempt
Spurres to Despaire, from all fit foode exempt.
O what a frame of Good, in all hopes rais'd
Came tumbling downe with him! as when was
By Grecian furie, famous *Ilion*, (seisde
VVhose fall, still rings out his Confusion.

VVhat

VVhat *Triumphs*, ſcatterd at his feete, lye ſmoking!
Banquets that will not downe; their cherers choking,
Fields fought, and hidden now, with future ſlaughter,
Furies ſit frowning, where late ſat ſweet laughter,
The actiue lying maim'd, the healthfull craſde?
All round about his Herſe? And how amaz'd
The change of things ſtands! how aſtoniſht ioy
VVonders he euer was? yet euery Toy
Quits this graue loſſe: Rainbowes no ſooner taint
Thinne dewye vapors, which oppos'd beames paint
Round in an inſtant, (at which children ſtare
And ſlight the Sunne, that makes them circular
And ſo diſparent) then mere gawds peirce men,
Slighting the graue, like fooles, and children.
So courtly nere plagues, ſooth and ſtupefie
And vvith ſuch paine, men leaue ſelfe flatterie.
Of vvhich, to ſee him free (who ſtood no leſſe
Then a full ſiege of ſuch) who can expreſſe
His moſt direct infuſion from aboue,
Farre from the humorous ſeede of mortal loue?
The Prince not to be wrought on by flattery.

He knew, that Iuſtice ſimply vſd, vvas beſt,
Made princes moſt ſecure, moſt lou'd, moſt bleſt
No Artezan; No Scholler; could pretend,
No Stateſman; No Diuine; for his owne end
His knowledge and wiſdome.

Any thing to him, but he vvould deſcend
The depth of any right belong'd to it,
*W*here they could merit, or himſelfe ſhould quit.
He would not truſt, with what himſelfe con-
Any in any kinde; but euer learn'd (cern'd,
Any man is capable of his own fit courſe and office in any thing. The grounds of what he built on: Nothing lies
In mans fit courſe, that his own knowledge flies
Eyther direct, or circumſtantiall.
O what are Princes then, that neuer call
Their actions to account, but flatterers truſt
To make their triall, if vniuſt or iuſt?
Apoſtrophe. Men grow ſo vgly by truſting flattery with their informations, that when they ſee themſelues truely, by caſting their eyes inward, they caſt themſelues away with their owne lothing. Flatterers are houſhold theeues, traitors by law,
that rob kings honors, & their ſoules-bloud draw;
Diſeaſes, that keep nouriſhment from their food.
And as to know himſelfe, is mans chiefe good,
So that vvhich intercepts that ſupreame skill,
(which Flattery is) is the ſupreameſt ill:
VVhoſe lookes will breede the Baſilisk in kings
That by reflexion of his ſight, dyes. (eyes,
*And as a Nurſe lab'ring a vvayward Childe,
Day, and night watching it, like an offspring
Talkes infinitely idly to it ſtill; (wilde;
Sings with a ſtanding throate, to worſe from ill;

* *Simil.*

Lord-

Lord-bleſſes it; beares with his pewks and cryes;
And to giue it a long lifes miſeries,
Sweetens his food, rocks, kiſſes, ſings againe;
Plyes it with rattles, and all obiects vaine:
So Flatterers, with as ſeruile childiſh things,
Obſerue, & ſooth the waiward moods of kings;
So kings, that flatterers loue, had neede to haue
as nurſe-like councellors, & contemn the graue;
Themſelues as wayward, and as noiſome too;
Full as vntuneable in all they doe,
As poote ſicke Infants; euer breeding Teeth
In all their humours, that be worſe then Death.
How wiſe then was our Prince that hated theſe,
and wold with nought but truth his humor pleſe
Nor would hee giue a place, but where hee ſaw
One that could vſe it; and become a Law
Both to his fortunes, and his Princes Honor.
Who wold giue *fortune* noght ſhe took vpon her,
Not giue but to deſert; nor take a chance,
That might not iuſtly, his vviſht ends aduance.
His Good he ioyn'd with Equitie and Truth;
VViſedome in yeeres, crown'd his ripe head in youth;
His heart wore all the folds of Policie,
Yet went as naked as Simplicitie.

Knew good and ill, but onely good did loue;
In him the Serpent did embrace the Doue.
Hee was not curious to ſound all the ſtreame
Of others acts, yet kept his owne from them:
"He whoſe moſt darke deeds dare not ſtand the light,
"Begot was of impoſture and the night.
"Who ſurer then a Man, doth ends ſecure;
"Eyther a God is, or a Diuell ſure.
The Preſident of men; whom (as men can)
All men ſhould imitate, was God and Man.
In theſe cleere deepes our Prince fiſh't troubl'd ſtreams
of bloud & vantage challenge diadems.
In ſumme, (knot-like) hee was together put,
That no man could diſſolue, and ſo was cut.
But we ſhal ſee our foule-mouth'd factions ſpite
(Markt, witch-like, with one blacke eie, th'other white)
Ope, & oppoſe againſt this ſpotleſſe ſun;
Such, heauen ſtrike blinder thē th'eclipſed moon
Twixt whom and nobleſſe, or humanities truth,
As much dull earth lies, and as little ruth,
(Should all things ſacred periſh) as there lyes
Twixt *Phœbe*, and the Light-fount of the skies,
In her moſt darke delinquence; vermine right,
That prey in darkneſſe, and abhorre the light;

Liue by the ſpoile of vertue; are not well
But when they heare newes, frõ their father hell
Of ſome blacke miſchiefe; neuer do good deed,
But where it does much harme, or hath no need.
What ſhall become of vertues far-ſhort traine,
when thou their head art reacht, high Prince of men?
O that thy life could haue diſperſt deaths ſtormes,
To giue faire act to thoſe Heroique formes,
with which al good rules had enricht thy mind,
Preparing for affayres of euery kinde;
Peace being but a pauſe to breathe fierce warre;
No warrant dormant, to neglect his Starre;
The licence ſence hath, is t'informe the ſoule;
Not to ſuppreſſe her, and our luſts extroll;
This life in all things, to enioy the next; (text
Of which lawes, thy youth, both contain'd the
And the contents; ah, that thy grey-tipe yeeres
Had made of all, *Ceſarian* Commentares,
(More then can now be thoght) in fact t'enroule;
And make blacke Faction bluſh away her ſoule.
That, as a Temple, built when Pietie *Simil.*
Did to diuine ends offer ſpecially,
What men enioy'd; that wondrous ſtate expreſt,
Strange Art, ſtrange coſt; yet who had intereſt

In all the frame of it; and ſaw thoſe dayes,
Admir'd but little; and as little praiſe
Gaue to the goodly Fabricke: but when men,
That liue whole Ages after, view it, then,
They gaze, and wonder; and the longer time
It ſtands, the more it glorifies his prime;
Growes freſh in honor, and the age doth ſhame
That in ſuch Monuments neglect ſuch fame;
So had thy ſacred Frame beene rais'd to height,
Forme, fulneſſe, ornament: the more the light
Had giuen it view, the more had Men admir'd;
And tho men now are ſcarce to warmneſſe fir'd
VVith loue of thee; but rather colde and dead
To all ſenſe of the grace they forfeited,
In thy neglect, and loſſe; yet after-ages
VVould be inflam'd, and put on holy rages
with thy inſpiring vertues; curſing thoſe (Roſe.
VVhoſe breaths dare blaſt thus, in the bud, the
But thou (woe's me) art blown vp before blowne,
And as the ruines of ſome famous Towne,
Show here a Temple ſtood; a Pallace, here;
A Cytadell, an Amphitheater;
Of which (ahlas) ſome broken Arches, ſtill
(Pillars, or Columns rac't; which Art did fill

VVith

VVith all her riches and Diuinitie)
Retaine their great, and vvorthy memory:
So of our Princes ſtate, I nought rehearſe
But ſhow his ruines, bleeding in my verſe.
What poiſon'd Aſt'riſme, may his death accuſe?
Tell thy aſtoniſht Prophet (deathles Muſe)
And make my ſtarres therein, the more aduerſe,
The more aduance, vvith ſacred rage my Verſe,
And ſo adorne my deareſt Fautors Herſe.
That all the wits prophane, of theſe bold times
May feare to ſpend the ſpawne of their rancke
On any touch of him, that ſhold be ſung (rymes
To eares diuine, and aske an Angels tongue.
VVith this it thundred; and a lightning ſhow'd
VVhere ſhe ſate writing in a ſable cloud;
A Penne ſo hard and ſharpe expreſt her plight,
It bit through Flint; and did in Diamant write;
Her vvords, ſhe ſung, and laid out ſuch a breſt,
As melted Heauen, and vext the very bleſt.
In which ſhe cal'd all worlds to her complaints,
And how our loſſe grew, thus vvith teares ſhee paints:
Hear earth & heauen (& you that haue no eares)
Hell, and the hearts of tyrants, heare my teares.

Muſe lachrima.

The cauſe and manner of the Princes death.

Thus

Thus Brittaine *Henry* tooke his timeleſſe end;
VVhen his great Father did ſo far tranſcend
All other Kings; and that he had a Sonne
In all his Fathers gifts, ſo farre begunne,
As added to *Fames* Pynions, double wings;
And (as braue riuers, broken from their ſprings,
The further off, grow greater, and diſdaine
To ſpread a narrower current then the Maine)
Had drawne in all deſerts ſuch ample Spheares,
As Hope yet neuer turn'd about his yeeres.
All other Princes with his parts comparing;
Like all Heauens pettie Luminaries faring,
To radiant *Lucifer*, the dayes firſt borne)
It hurld a fire red as a threatning Morne
On fiery *Rhamnuſias* fere, and ſulphurous ſpight,
who turn'd the ſterne orbs of her ghaſtly ſight,
About each corner of her vaſte Command,
And (in the turning of her bloudy hand)
Sought how to ruine endleſly our Hope,
And ſet to all miſhap all entries ope.
And ſee how ready meanes to miſchiefe are;
She ſaw, faſt by, the bloud-affecting *Feuer*,
(Euen when th'Autumnal-ſtarre began t'expire)
Gathering in vapours thinne, Ethereall fire:

Rhamnuſia (Goddeſſe of reuenge, and taken for Fortune) in enuy of our Prince, excited Feuer againſt him.

The Feuer the Prince died on (by *Proſopopeia*) deſcribed by her effects & circumſtances.

Of

Of which, her venomde finger did jmpart
To our braue Princes fount of heat, the heart;
A præternaturall heat; which through the vaines
And Arteries, by'th blood and ſpirits meanes
Diffus'd about the body, and jnflam'd,
Begat a Feuor to be neuer nam'd.
And now this loather of the louely Light,
(Begot of *Erebus*, and vglie Night)
Mounted in haſt, her new, and noyſefull Carre,
Whoſe wheeles had beam-ſpokes frō th'Hungarian ſtar;
And all the other frame, and freight; from thence
Deriu'd their rude and ruthleſſe jnfluence.
Vp to her left ſide, lept jnfernall Death
His head hid in a cloud of ſenſuall breath;
By her ſat furious *Anguiſh*, *Pale Deſpight*;
Murmure, and *Sorrow*, and poſſeſt *Affright*;
Yellow Corruption, *Marow-eating Care*;
Languor, chill Trembling, fits Irregulare;
Inconſtant Collor, *feeble voyc't Complaint*;
Relentles Rigor, and *Confuſion* faint;
Frantick Diſtemper; & *Hare-eyd vnreſt*; (breaſt
And ſhort-breath'd *Thirſt*, with th'euer-burning
A wreath of Adders bound her trenched Browes;
Where Tormēt Ambuſht lay with all her throws

The Feuer the Prince dyed off, is obſerv'd by our Moderne Phiſitions to bee begun in Hungarie.

Out of the property of the Hare that neuer ſhuts her eyes ſleeping.

Marmarica Leones, of *Marmarica* a Region in *Affrica* where the fiercest Lyons are bred; with which Feuer is supposd to bee drawn, for their excesse of heat & violence, part of the effects of this Feuer. The properties of the Feuer in these effects.

Marmarian Lyons, frindg'd with flaming *Manes*,
Drew this grym furie, and her brood of *Banes*,
Their hearts of glowing *Coles*, murmurd, & rord,
To beare her crook't yokes, and her *Banes* abhord,
To their deare *Prince*, that bore them in his *Armes*,
And should not suffer, for his *Good*, their *Harmes*;
Then from Hels burning whirlepit vp she hallde,
The horrid *Monster* fierce *Echidna* calde;
That from her *Stigian Iawes*, doth vomit ever,
Quitture, and *Venome*, yet is empty neuer:
Then burnt her bloudshot eyes, her *Temples* yet
Were cold as Ice, her Necke all drownd in swet:
Palenes spred all her breast, her lifes heat stung:
The Minds *Interpreter*, her scorched tongue,
Flow'd with blew poison: frō her yawning *Mouth*
Rhumes fell like spouts fild frō the stormy *South*:
Which being corrupt, the hewe of *Saffron* tooke,
A feruent *Vapor*, all her body shooke:
From whence, her *Vexed Spirits*, a noysome smell,
Expyr'd in fumes that lookt as blacke as *Hell*.
A ceaseles Torrent did her *Nosthrils* steepe,
Her witherd Entrailes tooke no rest, *No sleepe:*
Her swoln throte ratl'd, warmd with lifes last spark
And in her salt jawes, painfull Coughs did barke:

Her

Her teeth were staind with Rust, her sluttish hand
Shee held out reeking like a *New-quencht Brand*:
Arm'd with crook'd *Tallons* like the horned *Moone*,
All *Cheere*, all *Ease*, all *Hope* with her was gone:
In her left hand a quenchles fire did glow,
And in her *Right Palme* freez'd *Sithonian* Snow:
The ancient *Romanes* did a *Temple* build
To her, as whome a Deitie they held:
So hyd, and farre from cure of *Man* shee flyes,
In whose *Lifes Power* she mates the Deities.
When fell *Rhamnusia* saw this Monster nere,
(Her steele *Heart* sharpning) thus she spake to her:
Seest thou this *Prince* (great *Maid* & seed of *Night*)
Whose brows cast beams about thē, like the *Light*:
Who joyes securely in all present *State*,
Nor dreams what *Fortune* is, or future *Fate*:
At whome, with fingers, and with fixed eyes
All Kingdomes *Point*, and *Looke*, and *Sacrifice*:
Could be content to giue him: *Temples* rayse
To his *Expectance*, and *Vnbounded Praise*:
His *Now-ripe Spirits*, and *Valor* doth despise,
Sickneße, and *Sword*, that giue our *Godheads* Prise:
His worth contracts the worlds, in his sole *Hope*,
Religion, *Vertue*, *Conquest* haue no scope:

Rhamnusia excitatiō of Iouer

But his Indowments; At him, at him, flie;
More swift, and timelesse, more the Deitie;
His Sommer, Winter with the jellid flakes;
His pure Life, poyson, sting out with thy Snakes;
This is a worke will Fame thy Maidenhead:
With this, her speach and she together fledde;
Nor durst she more endure her dreadfull eyes;
Who stung with goads her roaring Lyons thyes;
And brandisht, round about, her Snak-curld head
With her left hand, the Torch it managed. (blew;
And now Heavens Smith, kindl'd his Forge &
And throgh the round Pole, thick the sparkls flew
When great Prince *Henrie*, the delight of fame;
Darkn'd the Pallace, of his Fathers Name;
And hid his white lyms, in his downie Bed;
Then Heaven wept falling Stars that summoned
(With soft, and silent Motion) sleepe to breath
On his bright Temples, th'Ominous forme of
Which now the cruel Goddes did permit, (death;
That she might enter so, her Mayden fit;
When the good Angell, his kind Guardian,
Her withet'd foot, saw neare this spring of Man;
He shrik't and said; what, what are thy rude ends;
Cannot, in him alone, all vertues friends,

(Melted

Rham: durst no lõger indure her, beeing stirred into furie.

The starry Euening describ'd by *Vulcans* setting to worke at that time. The Night being ever chiefesly consecrate to the Works of the Gods, and out of this Deities fires, the Starres are supposd to flye; as sparkles of them.

The good Angell of the Prince to the Fever, as shee approacht.

(Melted into his all-vpholding Nerues;
For whose Assistance, euery Deity serues)
Moouethee to proue thy Godhead, blessing him
With long long life, whose light extinckt, wil dim,
All heavenly graces? all this, moou'd her nought;
But on, & in his, all our ruines wrought: (shooke;
She toucht the Thresholds, and the thresholds
The dore-posts, *Palenes* pierst with her faint look:
The dores brake open, and the fatall Bed
Rudely shraproacht, & thus her fell mouth said;
Henrie, why tak'st thou thus thy rest secure?
Nought doubting what Fortune & fates assure;
Thou neuer yet felt'st my red right hands maims,
That I co thee, and fate to me proclaimes;
Thy fate stands idle; spinns no more thy thread;
Die thou must (great Prince) sigh not; beare thy
In all things free, even with necessity. (head
If sweet it be to liue; tis sweet to dye:
This said shee shooke at him her Torch, and cast
A fire in him, that all his breast embrac't,
Then darting through his heart a deadly cold,
And as much venome as his vaines could hold;
Death, Death, O Death, inserting, thrusting in,
Shut his faire eyes, and op't our vglie sinne:

Fewer to the prince; who is thought by a friend of mine to speake too mildly; not being *satis compos mi-tis Portiæ*, in this. Her counsell or perswasiō, shewing onlie how the Prince was perswaded & resolu'd in his deadlyest sufferāce of her which shee is made to

speake in spight of her selfe, since he at her worst was so sacredly resolute.

This ſcene reſolu'd on, by her ſelfe and fate;
Was there a ſight ſo pale, and deſperate,
Euer before ſeene, in a thruſt-through State?
Deſcriptiō of the tempeſt that caſt Sir Th. Gates on the Bermudas, & the ſtate of his Ship and Men, to this Kingdomes Plight applyed in the Princes death.
The poore *Verginian*, miſerable ſayle,
A long-long-Night-turnd-Day, that liu'd in Hell
Neuer ſo portrayd, where the Billowes ſtroue
(Blackt like ſo many Devils) which ſhould proue
The damned Victor; all their furies heighting;
Their Drum, the thunder; & their Colours light-
Both ſouldiers in the battel; one conteding (ning,
To drown the waues in Noyſe; the other ſpeding
His Hel-hot ſulphurous flames to drink the dry:
When heaven was loſt, when not a teare wrackt
Could tell in all that dead time, if they were, (eye,
Sincking or ſayling; till a quickning cleere
Gaue light to ſaue them by the ruth of Rocks
At the *Bermudas*; where the tearing ſhocks
And all the Miſeries before, more felt
Then here halfe told; *All*, *All* this did not melt
Thoſe deſperate few, ſtill dying more in teares,
Then this Death, all men, to the Marrow weares:
All that are Men; the reſt, thoſe drudging Beaſts,
That onely beare of Men, the Coates, and Creſts;
And for their Slaue, ſick, that can earne the pence,

More

More mourne (O Monsters) thē for such a Prince;
Whose soules do ebbe & flow still with their gain,
Whō nothing moues but pelf, & their own pain;
Let such (great Heauen) be onely borne to beare,
All that can follow this meere Massacre.

Lost is our poore Prince; all his sad jndurers;
The busie Art of those that should be Curers;
The sacred vowes made by the zealous King,
His God-like Syre; his often visiting;
Nor thy graue prayers and presence (holy Man)
This Realme thrice Reverend Metropolitan,
That was the worthy Father to his soule:
Th'jnsulting Feuer could one fit controule.
Nor let me here forget on farre, and neare;
And in his lifes loue, Passing deepe and deare;
That doth his sacred *Memorie* adore,
Virtues true favtor his graue *Chancellor*,
Whose worth in all workes should a *Place* enioie,
Where his fit *Fame* her *Trumpet* shall jmploie,
Whose *Cares*, and *Prayers*, were euer vsde to ease
His feu'rous Warre, & send him healthfull peace,
Yet sicke our *Prince* is still; who though the steps
Of bitter *Death*, he saw bring in by heaps
Clouds to his *Luster*, and poore rest of light;

The Archbishop of Canterbury passing pyous in care of the Prince.

S. Ed. Phillips Master of the Rols and the Princes Chancelor, a chiefe sorrower for him.

And

And felt his laſt Day ſuffering laſting Night;
His true-bred-braue ſoule, ſhrunck yet at no part,
Downe kept he all ſighs, with his powers al-Hart;
Cler'd euen his dying browes: and (in an Eye
Manly diſſembling) hid his Miſery.
And all to ſpare the Royall heat ſo ſpent
In his ſad Father, fearefull of th'event. (ſhow
And now did *Phabus* with his Twelfth Lampe
The world his haples light: and in his Brow
A Torch of Pitch ſtuck, lighting halfe thalfskies,
When lifes laſt error preſt the broken eyes
Of this heart-breaking Prince; his forc't look fled;
Fled was all Colour from his cheekes; yet fed
His ſpirit, his ſight: with dying now, he caſt
On his kind King, and Father: on whome, faſt
He fixt his fading beames: and with his view
A little did their empty Orbs renew:
His Mind ſaw him, come frō the deeps of Death,
To whome he ſaid, O Author of my Breath:
Soule to my life, and eſſence to my Soule,
Why grieue you ſo, that ſhould al griefe cōtroule?
Death's ſweet to me, that you are ſtill lifes creature,
I now haue finiſht the great worke of Nature.
I ſee you pay a perfect Fathers debt

The prince heroicall his bearing his ſickneſs at the Kings comming to ſee him, careful not to diſcomfort him.

The Twelfth day after his beginning to be ſicke, his ſickneſs was held inuincible.

The prince dying to the King.

And

And in a feaſtfull Peace your Empire kept;
If your true Sonnes laſt words haue any right
In your moſt righteous Boſome, doe not fright
your hearkning kingdoms to your cariage now;
All yours, in mee, I here reſigne to you,
My youth (I pray to God with my laſt powres)
Subſtract from me may adde to you and yours.
Thus vaniſht he, thus ſwift, thus inſtantly;
Ah now I ſee, euen heauenly powres muſt dye.

The ſorrowes and bemones of the King Queene, Prince and his moſt Princely Siſter, for the Princes death.

Now ſhift the *King* and *Queene* from court to
but no way can ſhift off their cares reſort, (court
That which we hate the more vve flie, purſues,
that which we loue, the more we ſeek, eſchewes:
Now weepes his Princely *Brother*; Novv alas
His Cynthian *Siſter*, (our ſole earthly Grace)
Like *Hebes* fount ſtill ouerflowes her bounds,
And in her colde lips, ſtick aſtoniſht ſounds,
Sh'oppreſſeth her ſweet kinde; In her ſoft breſt
Care can no vent finde, it is ſo compreſt:

The funerall deſcribed.

And ſee hovv the Promethean Liuer growes
As vulture Griefe deuoures it: ſee freſh ſhowes
Reuiue woes ſence, and multiply her ſoule;
And worthely; for vvho would teares controle
On ſuch a ſpringing ground? Tis dearely fit,
To pay all tribute, Thought can poure on it:

For vvhy vvere Funerals firſt vs'd but for theſe,
Preſag'd and caſt in their Natiuities? (ſtaid
The ſtreames were checkt a while: ſo Torrents
Enrage the more; but are (left free) allaid.
Now our grim waues march altogether; Now
Our blacke ſeas runne ſo high, they ouerflow
the clouds they nouriſh; now the gloomy herſe
Puts out the Sunne: Reuiue, reuiue (dead vierſe)
death hath ſlain death; there ther the perſon lies
VVhoſe death ſhould buy out all mortalities.
But let the world be now a heape of death,
Lifes ioy lyes dead in him, and challengeth
No leſſe a reaſon: If all motion ſtoode
Benumb'd and ſtupified, with his frozen blood;
And like a Tombe-ſtone, fixt, lay all the ſeas
There were fit pillers for our Hercules
To bound the world with: Men had better dye
Then out-liue free times; ſlaues to Policie.
On on ſad Traine, as from a crannid rocke
Bee-ſwarmes rob'd of their honey, ceaſles flock.
Mourne, mourne, diſſected now his cold lims lie
Ah, knit ſo late vvith flame, and Maieſtie.
where's now his gracious ſmile, his ſparkling eie
His Iudgement, Valour, Magnanimitie?
O God, what doth not one ſhort hour ſnatch vp

Of

Of all mans gloſſe? ſtill ouer-flowes the cup
Of his burſt cares; put with no nerues together,
And lighter, then the ſhadow of a feather.
On: make earth pomp as frequent as ye can,
'Twill ſtill leaue black, the faireſt flower of man;
Yee vvell may lay all coſt on miſerie,
Tis all can boaſt, the proud'ſt humanitie.
If yong *Marcellus* had to grace his fall,
Sixe hundred Herſes at his Funerall;
Sylla ſixe thouſand; let Prince *Henry* haue
Sixe Millions bring him to his greedy graue.
And now the States of earth, thus mourn below
Behold in Heauen, *Loue* with his broken Bow;
his quiuer downwards turn'd, his brands put out
Hanging his wings; with ſighes all black about.
Nor leſſe, our loſſe, his Mothers heart infeſts,
Her melting palmes, beating her ſnowy breſts;
As much confus'd, as when the Calidon Bore
The thigh of her diuine *Adonis* tore:
Her vowes all vaine, reſolu'd to bleſſe his yeeres
VVith Iſſue Royall, and exempt from freres,
Who now dyed fruitleſſe; and preuented then
The bleſt of women, of the beſt of men.
Mourne all ye Arts, ye are not of the earth;
Fall, fall with him; riſe with his ſecond birth.